IN STRANGE LANDS.

PEOPLE never think of whistling in Iceland. It's a violation of the divine law.

THE mahogany boards produced from a single tree recently cut down in Honduras were sold in Europe for eleven thousand dollars.

IN the far north the sun remains above the horizon seven weeks at a time, hence the term "midnight" sun has been applied to it by travelers.

LABRADOR, a country which we always associate with arctic snowdrifts, icebergs, etc., has nine hundred species of flowering plants, fifty-nine ferns and over two hundred and fifty species of mosses and lichens.

IN South Africa the kaffir servants have formed a union to which the members have to give a "character" for their mistresses. No member is allowed to enter upon a situation unless the registered character of the mistress of the house is satisfactory.

POSTAL NOTES.

PIGEONS were employed in the mail service in Bible times.

PENNSYLVANIA has 468 postmistresses. In the United States they number near 6,000.

ONCE in every eight years all locks on the United States mail bags are changed to insure safety.

IF Ireland gets home rule it is quite probable a new set of postage stamps for use in that country, and distinctively Irish, will be issued. Mr. Gladstone tells the Philatelic Journal that this matter "will be one for the consideration of the Irish government."

A NEW stamp is to be issued in Great Britain of the value of 4½ pence—9 cents—to be available for all postal, telegraphic and revenue purposes. It will be the first stamp issued of this value, and its issuance is called for by the new features of telegraph and postal-post business.

ASTRONOMICAL FACTS.

ASTRONOMERS claim that in the planet Neptune the temperature reaches nine hundred below zero.

THE Bruce telescope, built in Cambridgeport, Mass., and which is now nearly ready for mounting, will be set up by Prof. Pickering, of Harvard university, at Arequipa, Peru, in the heart of the Andes, as the most eligible spot for the purpose in the universe.

THE star Alcyone is so remote from the earth that the light which now arrives at our eyes, even though it speeds on its way at the rate of one hundred and eighty thousand miles a second, has not improbably taken a century or more than a century to reach us.

THE ruddy color of Mars is thought by Herschel to be due to an ochery tinge in the soil; by others it is attributed to peculiarities of the atmosphere and clouds. Lambert suggests that the color of the vegetation on Mars may be red instead of green.

WELL WORTH A GLANCE.

THERE is about four hours and forty-five minutes difference between New York and Liverpool.

THE river approaches to Lake Nicaragua abound with the only species of fresh-water shark known to scientists.

JOHN HARE, of Elkhart, Ind., has an eight-dollar bill, which he claims to be the oldest specimen of United States money extant. It was issued in 1778.

THE highest chimneys in the world are two in Glasgow, one being 468 feet high and the other 455 feet, while one near Cologne comes next with a height of 441 feet.

THE bishop of Southwark, England, complains that "few people have any idea how often he gets his hands pricked or scratched, owing to the careless way in which the caps or veils worn by the female candidates for confirmation are fastened on."

HASH AND REHASH.

MOONSTONE is a variety of feldspar.

THE estate of the late Richard Jessup, of San Francisco, valued at $140,000, was completely absorbed in four years by the lawyers of the young heir.

IN its manufacture a knife is handled by seventy different artisans from the moment the blade is forged until the instrument is finished and smoothly wrapped up for market.

THE tresses that are attached to the heads of dolls are made of the hair of the Angora goat. Its product, which is controlled by an English syndicate, is said to be worth $40,000,000 a year.

WHEN the thermometer registers 100 degrees the cable which draws the cars of the East river bridge, New York, is seven feet and six inches longer than when the thermometer is at zero.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

DOG-BARBERS are quite common in Paris. Their chief duty is to shave poodles.

DENMARK has a woman bicyclist who is secretary of the Danish Road club and who has made the marvelous record of 101 miles in twelve hours.

MAGNA CHARTA, the great charter of Englishmen's liberties, is preserved in the British museum. It is somewhat stained by time, but King John's seal and name are still quite legible at the bottom of it.

FROM the Amphictyonic league, 1498 B. C., to the treaty of Zurich, in 1859, no fewer than 8,697 treaties have been concluded, out of which only one has been respected—the Methuen, between England and Portugal.

TREES, FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

THE value of tropical and semitropical fruits grown under the American flag is nearly twenty million dollars.

IN certain parts of India cocoanut trees, once almost lifeless in appearance, have been made to yield abundantly by placing salt at the roots.

FLEUR-DE-LIS means the flower of Louis, and it was a white one which Louis VII., of France, took as his emblem. The name of the flower family to which this plant belongs is Iris, the Greek rainbow.

Too Willing.

Howson Lott—I tell you, you ought to come out and live at Lonesomehurst. It's the healthiest and most beautiful station on the road.

Murray Hill (musingly)—I wonder if I could buy a nice little place out there?

Howson Lott (eagerly)—Yes: I'll sell you mine! Dirt cheap, too!—Puck.

TO MY WATCH.

Little watch, fast ticking out
All the hours of pain and doubt,
All the tumult, toil and strife
Making up our span of life;
All the heart-wrung sighs and tears
Falling faster with the years,
As the petals drop and fade
From the bloom life's summer made,
Ah! what thoughts each other chase
As I look upon your face!

Every tick your motions give,
One tick less have I to live.
Did I realize this thought,
With such solemn meaning fraught,
When some new-born joy drew nigh
In the happy days gone by,
And your slight hands all too slow
Round about your face did go?
Ah! those tardy hours have passed—
Would they were not now so fast!

Never stopping in your flight,
Never pausing day nor night;
Not a moment's rest you crave
From the cradle to the grave.
With a never ceasing motion,
Steadfast as the tides of ocean;
Seeming evermore to hurry,
Yet without a moment's flurry!
Till our worn hearts almost pray
That you would a moment stay.

All things rest—the clouds at noon,
And the leaves in nights of June;
And the grief-bewildered brain
When sleep falls like softest rain;
And the stars when day awakes,
And the day when Hesper shakes
Gleams of gold from out the skies
Into wandering lovers' eyes.
You alone speed on your way,
Never resting night nor day.

Yet what joys those hands have brought!
Golden days with rapture fraught;
Golden days of sunlit fountain;
Golden days on breezy mountain;
Days made more divine by love
Than by radiance from above.
Ah! those hands that to the sense
Bring such joys and bear them hence,
Could we know what time conceals
'Neath those little ticking wheels!

Yet when those slight hands shall mark
That last hour when all grows dark,
And shall still keep ticking on
When earth's light from me is gone,
Little watch, your face shall be
Still a memory sweet to me,
Though diviner light may shine
On these opened eyes of mine
For your hands that never cease
Bring at last the perfect peace.

—Sydney Hodges, in N. Y. Times.

THE JAM AT JUNALUSKA.

A Pretty Romance of the Northwestern Mining Camps.

A TALL young mountaineer, with flowing hair tossed roughly back, was playfully holding a struggling girl over the verge of a precipice that towered above a whirl of waters surging through a dismal gorge below. The girl was robust and muscular, yet Anse Granger held her easily with one hand, while he saucily shook a finger of the other as he said, laughingly:

"Now, Kate, if you 'low to fool me as you have some of the other boys in the Bend, you have gone and treed the wrong coon."

"Turn me loose, Anse Granger—turn me loose, I say!" she screamed, for she was really more alarmed than her rude admirer thought for.

"You Anse!"

"Goodness, Kate! If I turn ye loose you'll fall, sure."

As he held her she clung to his extended arm, and her usually ruddy face grew pale with anger and fear. Finally he pulled her towards himself, half embracing her with one arm. But when she felt that she was safe again, she struck him a stinging blow on the face, then released herself with a supreme effort, and sank down, sobbing violently. Though the blow must have hurt, he smiled good-naturedly.

"There, now," said he; "tit for tat, Kate. You've paid me back. Now, I want to know if you really are tryin' to serve me as ye do the rest of the boys. You know how I love you, Kate. I've been a courtin' you a mighty long while, 'nd I'm jest obleeged to have an answer."

The girl looked up, with red eyes angrily flaming.

"Have you!" she exclaimed. "Well, then, I—I'd see you in your grave afore I'd marry you, after the way you've treated me this very day."

"Why, Kate—"

"Don't talk to me! From this day on, I want you to keep to yourself 'nd leave me alone. If the other boys want to talk to me it's nary business of yours, Anse Granger."

She rose and confronted him, a breathing statue of feminine resentment. As he slowly comprehended her real meaning, his smile melted into an expression of sadness.

"That is all right, Kate," said he. "You can let on jest as much as you please, but I know that you know how much I've loved you 'nd waited on you, 'nd if you're a-goin' to let a little foolishness change you in this way, I'll believe what the boys say about you is true—you only want to make fools of us. But after this, you can't have your way with Anse Granger."

He turned abruptly and strode down the trail leading to the camp of lumbermen on the river bank above Junaluska gorge.

Kate Carden stood motionless, while the flush of anger slowly receded before an after-rising pallor at this unexpected result of her words. The lashing of the torrent below fell shiveringly upon her ear, like an echo of coming trouble. Receding from Junaluska basin on every side rose the green-and-saffron mountain slopes until they kissed the heavens, apparently, far above all terrestrial care and passion.

Queen of hearts though she was among these mountain wilds, she found herself balked and tortured by the only man out of half a score of suitors whom she had ever owned to herself that she cared for in the least. He had accused her of cruel insincerity. Had he not spoken with some degree of truth? Was she not, after all, a coquette?

But standing there, amid the beauty and turmoil of that wild scene—questioning herself closely—she began to feel that things were not with her altogether as they had seemed to be. Nature was, somehow, reft of its usual charm. Without the sense of Granger's devotion, on which she had leaned, even while she tortured him, her small atom of the world felt quite cheerless now.

An hour later found her busy over the raftsmen's dinner at the long, low log cabin, planted centrally before the broadest sweep of the river above Junaluska gorge. Con Carden, her father, herded cattle in the summer and logged on the Junaluska in winter, while his wife and daughter cooked for more or less of the hands.

The early rains had supplemented the thawing of the snows on the "big" mountains, and the three forks of the Junaluska were thundering down the ravine with ever-increasing power.

A boom was stretched across the river at Junaluska basin, against which thousands of logs were pushing, as their number was hourly increased by the growing floods.

A score or more of mountaineers were lounging in to dinner from the woods and river. Anse Granger was

KATE CARDEN STOOD MOTIONLESS.

with them, but his cheery voice was strangely silent.

"Well, Kate," said Ab Snider, an oft-rejected yet ever good-natured admirer of the girl, "what was you a-doin' up about the cliff this mornin'; 'nd what's the matter with Anse, anyhow?"

The men were eating, and Kate set down a plate of cooked greens before Snider with a thump, saying:

"There's what I was a-doin'. If I didn't projeck around, here and yonder, it's precious little b'iled poke 'nd mustard as you alls would get. As for Anse, if you're so cur'ous to know what ails him, you'd better ask him. I'm not mindin' Anse Granger's business, myself."

Anse said nothing, though his brow contracted, while Kate gloried in her independence of speech, at the expense of an additional heartache, as she noted his increasing gloom.

After dinner the men lounged before the door for awhile. Over Junaluska basin the sky was clear, yet afar off the great mountains still wore the gray garb of mist and storm. The thunder of the rising river echoed ominously to the practiced ears of the lumbermen.

"That thar roarin' means more fallin' weather," remarked one. "A fraish are a good thing, but too much puddin' would make a dog sick. I'm afraid, boys, that boom 'll go to-night."

"If them t'under-heads busts up yander," said Con Carden, "there'll be a jam in Junaluska gorge before long—shore."

The men went to their work of letting the logs, one by one, through the boom. Anse lingered behind long enough to catch Kate by the arm in the passage between the dining-room and the kitchen.

"Kate," said he, "I hate to stay mad with you, after all as has passed between us. Let's make friends."

"Hands off, Anse Granger!" exclaimed she, releasing herself with some vigor. "You'd better run after Em Caythorp; I ain't a carin'."

"What do I care for Em Caythorp?" he returned. "Let's you 'nd I make up, Kate."

"You used to like to talk to Het Williams," said she, still mockingly, though with an inward twinge. "Don't mind about me; I'm jest a findin' out what a pretty boy George Shaw is gettin' to be."

"Deuce take George Shaw!" he burst forth, feeling as if the last straw had been added to his already overburdened endurance. "The boys are right—you only like to make them as is fools enough to love ye miserable. Let me go."

He strode angrily away, while Kate went slowly about her work with a serious face. Her triumph, after all, was not an enjoyable one.

Junaluska gorge extends for nearly a mile between two irregular lines of cliff, in a manner not unlike a Rocky mountain canyon. The river, sweeping fiercely through, debouches into a more open valley below.

The thunder-heads on the "big" mountain did burst; the floods again descended, and about five o'clock that afternoon the boom broke. In a few minutes a jam was discovered near the middle of the gorge. As the waters rose logs from above came thumping down by the hundred. It was evident that something must be done at once, or the jam would assume such proportions as to defeat all efforts at dislodging it.

Kate, sitting in the front porch of her father's cabin, saw a "dugout" canoe leave the shore and make for the upper end of the gorge. Her father was approaching from the river at a half run.

"Father," she asked, "who are them men as is a-goin' to risk their lives for a passel of old logs?"

"Jump up, Kate," cried Mr. Carden, "an' fetch me that thar long inch-rope we uses to windlass up the rafts with. Anse Granger, John White 'nd Doak Spurlin have gone down the gorge to the jam. We—why don't you hurry up, girl? Dark's comin' on 'nd we've a sight to do."

Kate stood speechless and staring. Her father stamped his foot impatiently, and she turned to look for the rope like one in a dream.

Ten minutes later Con Carden and several others were standing on the Red Cliff, a huge precipice that overhung a large rock midway of the gorge. Here was where the jam had formed.

Kate followed them, regardless of the supper she was to prepare, regardless of everything, save that Anse had gone, perhaps, to his death, and that—she loved him dearly. The results of her own petty resentment wrung her heart as she remembered his last attempt at reconciliation, which she had so cruelly repulsed.

Now she stood beside her father on the Red Cliff. Below was a savage roar and a white dash of spray and the grinding thud of descending logs. Her ears, half deafened by the noise, were strained to catch the sound of voices that might, even now, be forever silenced.

The sun was sinking; chilling shadows were enveloping the gorge. The men were lowering a rope. Mr. Carden, lying down, peered into the seething abyss below.

"There's two men on the rock," said he. "Hit looks like they've broke loose a part of the jam."

"Only two men, father?" cried Kate.

She threw herself down and peered over. What if the missing one were Anse Granger?

"That's it, boys," she heard her father say. "A leetie further down. There! he's ketched it—he's got it under his arms. Now, pull stiddy, boys, 'nd don't frazzle the rope."

A human form was dangling over the gulf below, drenched with spume and swinging wildly. Was it Anse? She hid her face as she heard the horrible rasp of the rope over the edge of the cliff—the hard breathing of a man—then, after a time, a scraping of feet and Doak's heavy voice:

"Hit was a tight squeeze, boys, 'nd about the wust place I ever was in."

"Who's on the rock now?" Kate heard her father ask.

"John White."

Her heart gave a fearful leap.

"Well, Doak, where's Anse?"

Kate sprang to her feet as Spurlin's slow words came like an echo of doom.

"Jest afore the jam broke the end of a log hit the dugout kerblim! Down she went, 'nd Anse, he went along too."

She waited to hear no more, but without a word she glided behind the unheeding group, conscious that Granger's body must be somewhere below the gorge, and that she must find it, and, perhaps, die. There seemed to be nothing else that she cared to do now.

"Lower away, boys," called Carden, but the words were an indifferent affair to the despairing girl, who with dilated eyes and torn garments struggled along the rough and perilous path above the gorge that led to the valley below.

"He has gone to his death," she faltered. "I—I don't care much how soon I go to mine either. Perhaps I'll meet him—where?"

Her query was suddenly and unexpectedly answered as the form of Anse Granger, drenched, bruised, his clothing torn, his face unnaturally pale, glided round a sharp bend of the path.

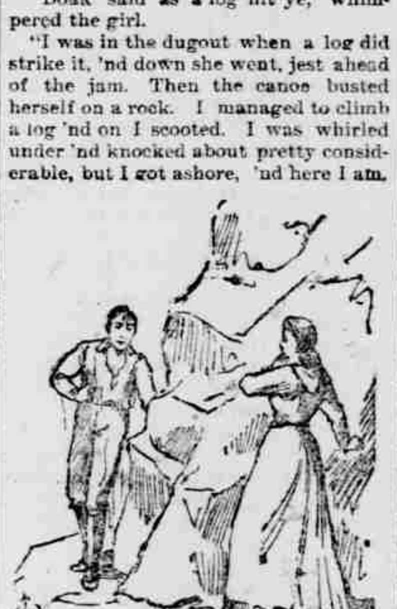
"Good God!" she gasped. "It's his ghost!"

She would have fallen, but strong arms held her, a warm breath fanned her brow. Her eyes reopened. The hands of the ghost felt lifelike, and the voice she now heard made her heart throb anew.

"No, Kate, I ain't quite a ghost yet, though I come tolerable nigh gettin' to be one—shore."

"Doak said as a log hit ye," whimpered the girl.

"I was in the dugout when a log did strike it, 'nd down she went, jest ahead of the jam. Then the canoe busted herself on a rock. I managed to climb a log 'nd on I scooted. I was whirled under 'nd knocked about pretty considerable, but I got ashore, 'nd here I am.



"IT'S HIS GHOST!"

Now, Kate, what are you a-doin' way up here?"

There was no reply, yet her face hid itself against his wet and ragged bosom.

"Are you still mad, or are you jest a-puttin' on?"

No answer still, though one arm stole gently round his neck. Anse smiled.

"Are you ever goin' to treat me in any such way again?"

Kate's arm slightly tightened its clasp.

"Now, Kate, I want you to up 'nd kiss me right smack in the mouth."

But this last humiliation was averted by the appearance of Kate's father and the other men. Carden stared at Anse and his daughter, then turned to his friends with a knowing grin.

"Anse makes a right peart kind of a corpse, boys," he remarked; "jest about peart enough to be causin' of a weddin' 'round here afore long, I reckon."—William Perry Brown, in National Tribune.

—Behind the Times.—She—"And when you went to Canterbury cathedral did you see the spot where the poor archbishop was killed?" He—"Ya-as; but it won't compare with Irvine's scenery, dontcheknow. It's disgraceful the cathedral people don't bring the place up to date!"—Funny Folks.

MARTHA'S SAD EXPERIENCE.

Some of the Very Worst Moments She Has Managed to Live Through.

"The worst moment I ever lived through"—this from Matron Martha—"was once when I went to church with my first new set of teeth, whereof—like the lady in Bunner's story—'I hadde not yette gotten ye righte pitch and adjustment.' They weren't in very firmly, and I sneezed them out in the aisle. And the senior warden picked them up and handed them back."

"He never!"

"He did. And that wasn't much worse than the time my brother shot an owl and gave me the claw for my hat. I wouldn't give him time to cure it properly, and I put it on my new hat and wore it to church. And a colony of ants that had taken up lodgment in it were awakened by the heat, and came marching in a shameless, everlasting, ticklesome procession, down and down, over my nose all service time. The rector's wife told somebody next day that it was such a pity I was developing St. Vitus' dance."—Boston Commonwealth.

—Symptoms Favorable.—Mother—"When do you suppose that young man who calls upon you will make known his intentions, Laura?" Laura—"I think he will propose pretty soon. Last evening he was very anxious to know whether I could dress on $100 a year."—Yankee Blade.

Well Meant, But—

"He conceals his ignorance well, doesn't he?" said Harkins.

"Yes, but not half as well as you do," said the flatterer.—Truth.

WHAT'S THE WAY?

Oh, what's the way to play land,
Where the happy children go?
By nestling and by needing,
By mother's hand soft leading,
Through fields where lambs are feeding,
And snowdrops stand a-row!
And all the way to play land
'Tis naught but laugh and grow.

Oh, what's the way to love land,
Where the youths and maidens go?
By rose, and dream and token;
By soft word half unspoken;
Through lanes but charmed and broken
With glimpse of sunset glow!
The happy way to love land
'Tis passing sweet to know.

Oh, what's the way to rest land,
Where the sad and weary go?
By hope and trust unfearing;
By deed and thought endearing;
By love and toil and cheering,
Through windings dark and slow
The one sure way to rest land
Takes life's long years to know.

—Cara W. Bronson, in New York Independent.

BOLTER'S FAMOUS SCOOP.

It Was a Good One, But Cost Him His Life.

IN the days when syndicates were not and the newspaper men of the town were as one family, there was a young man named Bolter who wanted to be literary.

To the superficial observer he was a very ordinary young man who wore his hair cropped closely and showed taste in the selection of neckties. He had read all the way from Thucydides to the Duchess, and uttered smart phrases which he thought epigrammatic. Also, he was addicted to verse writing—bad verse about death and love which nobody would read. But his favorite pastime was the writing of imaginary obituary notices of himself, made up of glowing eulogiums of his "intellectual achievements," and full of such phrases as "the literary figure of the century," "a style peculiarly his own," and so on.

Perhaps it is well to say that his heart was as tender as a girl's when she is beginning to read the lady novelists. But then he was only twenty-two years of age.

Bolter had been doing work for different newspapers but had not prospered because his language was too flowery and he lacked a certain perception necessary to distinguish news from news. Finally he found that his services were not wanted, but he still haunted the local rooms, trying to sell his florid copy. This was pathetic—since nobody bought it—but no one had the courage to tell him that nature had not selected him to be a newspaper man. He soon joined the money-borrowing horde, and then his trousers became fringed, and he had just become a familiar street figure when he dropped suddenly out of sight. At the end of a week he was forgotten, for just at that time startling things happened.

An organized band, among which it was thought were several notorious criminals, had been robbing houses in the western section of the town, to the terror of the public and the despair of the police departments, which had thus far been unable to obtain a tangible clew. Indeed, so marked became their skill in operating under the very eyes of the law that they were nicknamed the "Slippers," while the authorities were harshly criticised. It was during the disquiet following one of their most successful raids that I came upon Bolter, late at night, while smoking my way homeward. He was with two shabby men, whom he dismissed with a word when he saw me.

"Joe," I said, looking at him sharply, "where have you been all this time, and what have you been doing?"

He glanced over his shoulder nervously, I fancied, and then looked at me with a weak smile. There was a shifty look in his eyes that I had never seen there before.

"I've been hibernating at home trying to evolve a masterpiece for posterity."

But the buoyancy was unreal, for his lip quivered, and, with a husky "good night," he left me.

About a week later the "Slippers" selected a house on Nineteenth street and stripped it. Excitement ran high, and the paper became sarcastic anent the local administration. On a Saturday night I was sitting in a hotel reading one of those scornful effusions when Bolter and a companion entered. They did not perceive me, but when I saw them go into the billiard room—which was frequented mainly by gamblers and patrons of the turf—I followed in sorrow. The man with Bolter was a boisterously dressed but dirty individual, whose general aspect was so unimpressive that I sighed for the boy.

They had stopped near a table and were talking angrily. As I looked, Bolter's companion made a quick movement of menace and I rushed forward in time to wrest from him a cue which he was excitedly flourishing. Bolter started back when he saw me and looked mortified. He was flushed and warm and there were circles around his eyes. I hurried him to the street and began to upbraid him.

"I didn't think it of you, Joe, to get into a disturbance in such a place. You haven't been drinking?"

"No, no, not that, Mr. Darrell," he answered, quickly and fervently. "Not that, for her sake—for the sake of—"

He paused and a moist light came into his eyes.

"Oh, ho, my boy!" I said, banteringly, "then you are in love?"

He was silent for a moment, then he tossed his head and said, dryly:

"I have reached that mysterious period in an affair of the heart when the divine she is beginning to exert an influence."

All at once his tone changed to one of subdued intensity, and, seizing my arm, he went on hurriedly:

"Mr. Darrell, will you do me a favor? It's early, and you have nothing to do, have you? I want you to come with me—to see her. Will you? Please!"

There was a note of insistence in his voice that made me curious and led me on.

He conducted me to a dismal "furnished room" on the fourth floor of a house that smelled abominably of boiled ham. He motioned me to a chair and turned up the lamp light. From the next room came the noise of a sewing machine in operation.

"I know what you're going to say," he began, at once. "She is in there," and he inclined his head toward the adjoining room. "There is a woman in that room whom I love as mortal man never loved woman, and who loves me as angels love—God bless her! That woman once got a dangerous idea into her head, and she nursed and fostered it until now it is consuming us both. That idea was that—that I was destined for a literary career."

He looked at me sharply, but I was studying the flickering lamp flame.

"It is that which keeps me at it—plodding and suffering and starving, though well I know I'd better be a bricklayer. Look here!"

He took a scrap book from a closet and handed it to me. It was nearly filled with clippings from the ——, short stories, historical and other articles. The caption of one caught my eye and I started. Then I faced Bolter, with a look full of inquiry—for every one of those articles had been written by myself.

"She thinks them mine—mine—and I never undeceived her. I had to do it—I had to! Now she wants me to 'start out,' as she calls it, to write a novel or a play, and I—don't know what to do!"

He pressed his hand upon his breast and then crossed to the communicating door and opened it. The sound of the sewing machine ceased and a woman's voice said:

"Is that you, Joe?"

"Yes; will you come here, please? I want to introduce you to Mr. Darrell, of the ——, and a dear friend of mine."

There was a movement in the next room. My eyes were on the scrap book.

"Darrell, here is the woman I love!"

A strange introduction! I lifted my head and met the gaze of a soft-eyed woman of sixty.

I hid my confusion in a low bow as Bolter added, tenderly:

"My mother."

He came to me the next day and pleaded with me, as assistant city editor, to get him a trial on the ——. Merely to get rid of him leniently I told him to come back in an hour. He did and we used him. Two of our men were ill, and the others were in requisition on regular duties. There was to be a cheap ball at a popular hall that night, out of which a humorous descriptive article might be made, and with a word of advice from me Bolter undertook the assignment. He accomplished it with tolerable success, and I secured a position for him as a space writer. But day by day he grew paler and when addressed abruptly started galvanically. I cautioned him to take care of his nerves and quoted horrible examples, but he replied in his fanciful rhetoric, smiling:

"I am engineering a master stroke of journalistic enterprise, and it's necessary to neglect Orpheus until it's consummated. Briefly, a 'beat,' an article

"MY MOTHER."

of startling news published exclusively in the ——." Then his voice wavered, and he added, touchingly: "Mr. Darrell, you know what a Jonah I've been in this business. Wish me success in this thing."

"My boy"—I pressed his hand hard—"with all my heart."

A few days after that Bolter requested a word in private with McCormick, our city editor, and myself.

"It's about the beat," he said when we were closeted together. "At two o'clock to-morrow morning the house of the Marstons, on Walnut street, will be entered by the 'Slippers.' The family is now in New York, where a son is to be married in a day or two. The job's been well laid, you see. I've got the thing written up to a certain point, so if you send a man with me more can be tacked on when it's all over."

"How did you find this out, Mr. Bolter?" asked McCormick, with a smile that bespoke big doubt.

"For the past month," replied Bolter, coolly, "I have been one of their number."

McCormick surveyed him sharply.

"I joined them, no matter how, as a New York crook. Do you remember the Allston robbery and the Drayton-Clarke affair? I was in them both, but things didn't pan out right, so I had to wait. I've notified the police and they've promised absolute secrecy, as the 'Slippers' will be a great haul. So none of the other papers 'll have it. That's all."

McCormick still regarded him very thoughtfully. Then he said to me: "Darrell, look into this, will you? Take a carriage and two men and be on hand when the thing occurs. Mr. Bolter, give Mr. Darrell your copy. Get it in as early as possible, Darrell. That'll do."

The city editor smiled as he looked at the flushed cheeks and eager eyes of the youth, but the smile was kinder this time.

The affair was managed admirably. When I stationed my two subordinates, at one o'clock the next morning, under trees in Rittenhouse square, facing the front of the Marston mansion, the streets were deserted, and a sharp rain was falling through a heavy fog. Beyond the splash of the water on the flagged pavement there was no sound, yet I knew that all around me were armed policemen in hiding. I went around to a narrow street and took up a place within a shadow of a doorway opposite the gate of the house. I knew that other eyes were watching that gate and I waited. An interminable time seemed to drag by before a distant church clock struck two, and a hand was laid on my arm and the voice of the police sergeant whispered:

"Easy now. The story's straight enough. Five men are in that house and one of 'em's your party. The others are 'Slippers,' sure's you live. I've got the place surrounded by my men and the wagon's 'round the corner. Go slow and mind your gun," and he melted away in the fog.

Again, during what seemed hours, no sound but the splash of the falling waters, the growl of a vagrant cur and the thumping of my heart. Then a muffled noise, drawing nearer and louder, until it shaped itself into hoarse voices, swearing and shouting—two pistol shots—and the street was filled with

"IT WAS HIM WE HIT."

moving figures; windows rattled and opened and the voices of men and women and crying children mingled in perplexed confusion.

I was at the gate at the side of the police sergeant.

"We've got 'em all! one of 'em's hurt, I think. Too great a surprise for 'em. A neat catch! a neat catch!" And he chuckled.

I rushed round to the front and found my two assistants. The four "Slippers" had been handcuffed and stowed away in the patrol wagon, packed tightly with the policemen. I pressed a bundle of papers into the hands of my men. "Quick! to the office! The cab is on the side street. You know what to add." He darted away.

But where was Bolter? Calling the sergeant, we entered the house together. At the foot of the broad stairway lay Bolter, insensible and bleeding.

"Good Gawd!" exclaimed the sergeant, "it was him we hit!"

Bolter's "beat" was a success. The —— came out in the morning with a "postscript, three thirty a. m.," giving full details of the sensational capture of the ringleaders of the "Slippers." And not a word of it in the other papers. It was a glorious victory.

But Bolter?

He was lying on a hospital cot with a bullet in his lung. I went to him as soon as the paper had gone to press. When he saw me the look of anguish passed from his face and he laughed gleefully. "A beat on the town, hey? I told ye. When the ubiquitous Bolter becomes animated something's goin' to drop. But, say, old man, they did me up. I'm bound for the—what d'ye call it—the undiscovered country." His voice sank almost to a whisper as he repeated the words: "The undis—covered country—from whose—bourne"—then he rallied a little and said: "But I go for a glorious cause, hey?"

Suddenly he cried out sharply and his eyes became moist, and his lips shaped two words:

"My mother."

They brought her to him, but he was dead. And while, without, the news of the morning was on each and every tongue, the woman he loved as mortal man never loved woman sat at his bedside with her hand upon his icy brow and her soft eyes fixed and gleaming.—Philadelphia Times.